

# ARMS AND THE WOMAN. (continued from Sixth Page.)

"What made you?" I cried, "what made you?"

When I am a man's friend, it is in death. He was in the way. I may thank liquor that he lives. His eyes are contracted. "Hurts me, but it will not be for long, my friend. I am bleeding to death inside. The woman loves you, and in my eyes, princess or not, she belongs to you. You and I cannot understand things which make it impossible for a man and a woman who love each other to wed. Let me hold your hand, like an old woman. Give me a drink of brandy. Ah, that's better. Inkeeper, your courage is not to be doubted, but your judgment of liquor is. Anyway, Jack, I suppose you not forget me in a week or so, eh?"

"What a cur you are!" cried Hillars, losing his airy tone. "By heaven, you will fight me if I have to knock you down and spit upon you!" Then with full force he flung his hat into the face of the prince.

"You have written duns to your tale," said the prince, dismounting. "Your highness," exclaimed the count, springing to the ground, "this must not be! You shall not risk your life at the hands of this cursed adventurer."

"Patience, count," said the prince, shaking off the hand which the count had placed upon his shoulder. "Decidedly this fellow is worth consideration. Since we have no swords, sir, and they seem to be woman's weapons these days, we will use pistols. Of course, you have come prepared. It is a fine time for shooting. This first light of twilight gives us equal advantage. Will it be at 10 or 20 paces? I dare say, if we stand at 20 in the center of the road, we shall have a good look at each other before we separate indefinitely."

"Your highness insists?" murmured the count.

"I not only insist; I command." The prince took off his coat and waistcoat and deposited them on the grass at the side of the road. Hillars did likewise. There was a pleased expression on his face. "I do believe, count," laughed the prince, "this fellow expects to kill me. Now the pistols."

"If you will permit me," said the inkeeper, taking an oblong box from under his coat. "These are excellent weapons."

The prince laughed. "I suppose, inkeeper, if the result is disastrous to me it will please you?"

The inkeeper was not lacking in courtesy. "It would be a pleasure, I assure you. There are certain reasons why I cannot fight you myself."

"To be sure."

**Deafness Cannot be Cured**

by local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and the tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give one hundred dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by Catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars free.

**F. J. CHENEY & CO.,**  
Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75 cents.  
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

"It would be too much like murder," continued the inkeeper. "Your hand would tremble so that you would miss me at point blank. There goes the last of the sun. We must hurry."

With a grimace the count accepted the box and took out the pistols.

"They are old fashioned," he said.

"A deal like the inkeeper's morals," supplemented the prince.

"But effective," said the inkeeper. The count scowled at the old fellow, who met the look with phlegm. As an inkeeper he might be an inferior, but as a second at a duel he was an equal.

It was altogether a different matter. The count carefully loaded the weapons, the inkeeper watching him attentively. In his turn he examined them.

"Very good," he said.

The paces were then measured out. During this labor the prince gazed indifferently toward the west. The afterglow of the sun glowed on the horizon. The prince shaded his eyes for a spell.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I believe, the princess is approaching. At any rate, here comes the coach. Let us suspend hostilities till she has passed."

A few minutes later the coach came rumbling along in a whirlwind of dust. The stoical chivalrymen kept on without so much as a glance at the quartet standing at the side of the road. Hillars looked after the vehicle till it was obscured from view. Then he shook himself out of the dream into which he had fallen. He was pale now, and his eyebrows were drawn together as the count held out the pistol.

"Ah, yes!" he said as though he had forgotten. "There goes the woman who will never become your wife."

"That shall be decided at once!" was the retort of the prince.

"She will marry the gentleman back at the inn."

"A fine husband he will make, truly!" replied the prince. "He not only deserts her, but forsakes her champion. But that is neither here nor there. We shall not go through any polite formalities, his eyes snapping viciously.

The two combatants took their places in the center of the road. The pistol arm of each hung at the side of the body.

"Are you ready, gentlemen?" asked the count, the barest tremor in his voice.

"Yes," said the prince. Hillars simply nodded.

"When I have counted three, you will be at liberty to fire. One!"

The arms raised slowly till the pistols were on the level of the eyes.

"Two!"

The inkeeper saw Hillars move his lips. That was the only sign.

"Three!"

The pistols exploded simultaneously. The right arm of the prince swung back violently, the smoking pistol flying from his hand. Suddenly one of the horses gave a snort of pain and terror and bolted down the road. No attention was given to the horse. The

others were watching Hillars. He stood perfectly motionless. All at once the pistol fell from his hand. Then both combatants turned to his breast. There was an expression of surprise on his face. His eyes closed, his knees bent forward and he sank into the road a headless heap. The prince shrugged a sigh of relief from the count's half parted lips, while the inkeeper ran toward the fallen man.

"Are you hurt, prince?" asked the count.

"The cursed fool has blown off my elbow!" was the answer. "Bind it up with your handkerchief and help me on with my coat. There is nothing more to do. If he is not dead, he soon will be, so it's all the same."

When the prince's arm was sufficiently bandaged so as to stop the flow of blood, the count assisted him to mount, jumped on his own horse and the two entered off, leaving the inkeeper, Hillars' head propped up on his knee, staring after them with a dull rage in his faded blue eyes. The remaining horse was grazing a short distance away. Now and then he lifted his head and gazed inquiringly at the two figures in the road.

"Is it bad, herr?" the inkeeper asked.

"Very. Get back to the inn. I don't want to pester out here." Then he fainted.

It required some time and all the inkeeper's strength to put Hillars on the horse. When this was accomplished, he turned the horse's head toward the inn. And that was all.

"Dan?" said I.

The lids of his eyes rolled wearily back.

"Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Bury me."

It was very sad. "Where?" I asked.

"Did you see the little cemetery?"

**When the Eyes are Sick**

Something must be done and done quickly. Little neglects bring big diseases. When the eyes are sore or inflamed use John R. Dickey's Old Reliable Eye Water. It stops the inflammation, cures granulated lids, and brings ease at once. It causes absolutely no pain. The genuine is always enclosed in a red carton. Get it at Wight & Bro.'s Drug Store for 25 cents.

the hill, across the valley? Put me there. It is a wild, forgotten place. 'Tis only my body. Who cares what becomes of that? As for the other, the soul, who can say? I have never been a good man. Still I believe in God. I am tired—tired and cold. What fancies a man has in death! A moment back I saw my father. There was a wan, sweet faced woman standing close beside him; perhaps my mother. I never saw her before. Ah, me, these chimeras we set our hearts upon, these worldly hopes! Well, Jack, it's certain and no encore. But I am not afraid to die. I have wronged no man or woman. I have been my own enemy. What shall I say, Jack? Ah, yes! God have mercy on my soul! And this sudden coldness, this sudden ease from pain, is death!"

There was a flutter of the eyelids, a sigh, and this poor flotsam, this driftwood which had never known a harbor in all its years, this friend of mine, this inseparable comrade, passed out.

There were hot tears in my eyes as I stood up and gazed down at this mystery called death, and while I did so a hand, horny and hard, closed over mine. The inkeeper, with blinking eyes, stood at my side.

"Ah, herr," he said, "who would not die like that?"

And we buried him on the hillside just as the sun swept aside the rosy curtain of dawn. The wind, laden with fresh morning perfumes, blew up joyously from the river. From where I stood I could see the drab walls of the barracks. The windows sparkled and flashed as the gray mists sailed

**The Best Plaster.**

A piece of flannel dampened with Chamberlain's Pain Balm and bound to the affected parts is superior to any plaster. When troubled with lame back or pains in the side or chest, give it a trial and you are certain to be more than blessed with the prompt relief which it affords. Pain Balm also cures rheumatism. One application gives relief. For sale by Wight & Bro., and all medicine dealers.

heavenward and vanished. The hill with its long grasses resembled a green sea. The thick forests across the river, almost black at the water's edge, turned a fainter and more delicate blue as they receded till far away they looked like mottled glass. Only yesterday he had laughed with me, talked and smoked with me, and now he was dead. A rage pervaded me. We are puny things, we who strut the highways of the world, parading a so called wisdom. There is only one philosophy; it is to learn to die.

"Come," said I to the inkeeper, and we went down the hill.

"When does the herr leave?"

"At once. There will be no questions," I asked, pointing to the village.

"None. Who knows?"

"Then remember that Herr Hillars was taken suddenly ill and died, and that he desired to be buried here. I dare say the prince will find some excuse for his arm, knowing the king's will in regard to dueling. Do you understand me?"

"Yes."

I did not speak to him again, and he strode along to my heels with an air of preoccupation. We reached the inn in silence.

"What do you know about her serene highness the Princess Hildegard?" I asked abruptly.

"What does herr wish to know?" shifting his eyes from my gaze.

"All you can tell me."

"I was formerly in her father's service. My wife"—He hesitated, and the

expression on his face was a sour one.

"Go on."

"Ah, but it is unpleasant, herr. You see, my wife and I were not on the best of terms. She was handsome—a cousin of the late prince. She left me more than 20 years ago. I have never seen her since, and I trust that she is dead. She was her late highness' hairdresser."

"And the Princess Hildegard?"

"She is a woman for whom I would gladly lay down my life."

"Yes, yes!" I said impatiently. "Who made her the woman she is? Who taught her to shoot and fence?"

"It was I."

"You?"

"Yes. From childhood she has been under my care. Her mother did so desire. She is all I love in the world to love. And she loves me, herr, for in all her trials I have been her only friend. But why do you ask these questions? A sudden suspicion lighting his eyes.

"I love her."

He took me by the shoulders and squared me in front of him. "How do you love her?" a glint of anger mingling with the suspicion.

"I love her as a man who wishes to make her his wife."

His hands trailed down my sleeves till they met and joined mine.

"I will tell you all there is to be told. Herr, there was once a happy family in the palace of the Hohenphallians. The prince was rather wild, but he loved his wife. One day his cousin came to visit him. He was a fascinating man in those days, and few women were there who would not give an ear to his flatteries. He was often with the princess, but she hated him. One day an abominable thing happened. This cousin loved the princess. She

lost her native aids digestion, and takes the bowels, curd Cholera I fancy. Cholera Morbus, Dysentery, Pains in the Stomach, Colic, Unnatural Discharges from the Bowels, and all diseases incident to teething children. For all summer complaints it is a specific. Perfectly harmless and free from injurious drugs and chemicals.

scorned him. As the prince was entering the hougder his cousin, making out that he was the husband of the princess, took the princess in his arms and kissed her. The prince was too far away to see the horror in

his wife's face. He believed her to be acquiescent. That night he accused her. Her denials were in vain. He confronted her with his cousin, who swore before the immortal God himself that the princess had lain willing in his arms. From that time on the prince changed. He became reckless; he fell in with evil company; he grew to be a shameless ruffian, a man who brought his women into his wife's presence and struck her while they were there. And in his passions he called her terrible names. He made a vow that when children came he would make them things of scorn. In her great trouble the princess came to my inn, where the Princess Hildegard was born. The prince refused to believe that the child was his. My mistress finally sickened and died broken hearted. The prince died in a gambling den. The king became the guardian of the lonely child. He knows but little or he would not ask her highness"—He stopped.

"He would not ask her what?"

"To wed the man who caused all this trouble."

"What! Prince Ernst?"

"Yes; I prayed to God, herr, that your friend's bullet would carry death, but it was not to be."

"I am going back to London," said I. "When I have settled up my affairs there, I shall return."

"And then?"

"Perhaps I shall complete what my friend began."

I climbed into the ramshackle conveyance and was driven away. Once I looked back. The inkeeper could be seen on the porch; then he became lost to view behind the trees. Far away to my left the stones in the little cemetery on the hillside shone with brilliant whiteness.

**CHAPTER XVII.**

There were intervals during the three

(Continued on Third Page.)

No one can reasonably hope for good health unless his bowels move once each day. When this is not attended to, disorders of the stomach arise, biliousness, headache, dyspepsia and piles soon follow. If you wish to avoid these ailments keep your bowels regular by taking Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets when required. They are so easy to take and mild and gentle in effect. For sale by Wight & Bro.

He took the princess in his arms and kissed her.

his wife's face. He believed her to be acquiescent. That night he accused her. Her denials were in vain. He confronted her with his cousin, who swore before the immortal God himself that the princess had lain willing in his arms. From that time on the prince changed. He became reckless; he fell in with evil company; he grew to be a shameless ruffian, a man who brought his women into his wife's presence and struck her while they were there. And in his passions he called her terrible names. He made a vow that when children came he would make them things of scorn. In her great trouble the princess came to my inn, where the Princess Hildegard was born. The prince refused to believe that the child was his. My mistress finally sickened and died broken hearted. The prince died in a gambling den. The king became the guardian of the lonely child. He knows but little or he would not ask her highness"—He stopped.

"He would not ask her what?"

"To wed the man who caused all this trouble."

"What! Prince Ernst?"

"Yes; I prayed to God, herr, that your friend's bullet would carry death, but it was not to be."

"I am going back to London," said I. "When I have settled up my affairs there, I shall return."

"And then?"

"Perhaps I shall complete what my friend began."

I climbed into the ramshackle conveyance and was driven away. Once I looked back. The inkeeper could be seen on the porch; then he became lost to view behind the trees. Far away to my left the stones in the little cemetery on the hillside shone with brilliant whiteness.

**CHAPTER XVII.**

There were intervals during the three

(Continued on Third Page.)

No one can reasonably hope for good health unless his bowels move once each day. When this is not attended to, disorders of the stomach arise, biliousness, headache, dyspepsia and piles soon follow. If you wish to avoid these ailments keep your bowels regular by taking Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets when required. They are so easy to take and mild and gentle in effect. For sale by Wight & Bro.

He took the princess in his arms and kissed her.

his wife's face. He believed her to be acquiescent. That night he accused her. Her denials were in vain. He confronted her with his cousin, who swore before the immortal God himself that the princess had lain willing in his arms. From that time on the prince changed. He became reckless; he fell in with evil company; he grew to be a shameless ruffian, a man who brought his women into his wife's presence and struck her while they were there. And in his passions he called her terrible names. He made a vow that when children came he would make them things of scorn. In her great trouble the princess came to my inn, where the Princess Hildegard was born. The prince refused to believe that the child was his. My mistress finally sickened and died broken hearted. The prince died in a gambling den. The king became the guardian of the lonely child. He knows but little or he would not ask her highness"—He stopped.

"He would not ask her what?"

"To wed the man who caused all this trouble."

"What! Prince Ernst?"

"Yes; I prayed to God, herr, that your friend's bullet would carry death, but it was not to be."

"I am going back to London," said I. "When I have settled up my affairs there, I shall return."

"And then?"

"Perhaps I shall complete what my friend began."

I climbed into the ramshackle conveyance and was driven away. Once I looked back. The inkeeper could be seen on the porch; then he became lost to view behind the trees. Far away to my left the stones in the little cemetery on the hillside shone with brilliant whiteness.

**WINCHESTER**  
FACTORY LOADED SHOTGUN SHELLS  
"New Rival," "Leader," and "Repeater"  
Insist upon having them, take no others and you will get the best shells that money can buy.  
ALL DEALERS KEEP THEM.

**Budded Pecan Trees, Orange Trees, Peach Trees.** All kinds of Trees and Plants.  
PEARS, PERSIMMONS, PLUMS, FIGS, MULBERRIES, CAMPHOR TREES, GRAPES, ORNAMENTAL TREES AND SHRUBS.  
Largest Stock of Trees. Best Quality. Low Prices.  
**POMONA NURSERIES** at MACLENNY, FLA. MIAMI, FLA. JACKSONVILLE, FLA.  
ADD-SS THE GRIFFING BROTHERS COMPANY, Catalogue free upon application P. O. BOX 532 B JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

**OCEAN STEAMSHIP COMPANY**  
(SAVANNAH LINE.)  
BY LAND AND SEA.  
Fast Freight and Luxurious Passenger Route to New York, Boston and the East.  
Short Rail Ride to Savannah.  
Thence via palatial express steamships sailing from Savannah. Four ships each week to New York, making close connection with New York-Boston ships, or Sound liners.  
All ticket agents and hotels are supplied with monthly sailing schedules. Write for general information, sailing schedules, stateroom reservations, or call on  
W. H. PLEASANTS, Gen'l. Freight and Pass'r Agt., New Pier 35 North River, New York.  
WALTER HAWKINS, Gen. Agt. Traffic Dept., 224 W. Bay St., Jacksonville, Fla.

**VESTIBULE SEABOARD AIR LINE RAILWAY.**  
WEST INDIA LIMITED  
SHORT LINE  
TRAINS  
DOUBLE DAILY SERVICE  
Schedule Effective November 25, 1900.

NORTH & EAST.				SOUTHERN DIVISION			
	44.	66.	38.		27.	31.	
Ar Jacksonville	11:20 a	7:45 p	4:25 p	Ar Jacksonville	9:40 a	7:40 p	
Ar Fernandina	11:30 a	9:05 p	5:00 p	Ar Baldwin	10:14 a	8:25 p	
Ar Everett	12:30 p	9:55 p		Ar Waldo	11:35 a	11:05 p	
Ar Savannah	1:50 p	11:50 p		Ar Gainesville	12:57 p		
Ar Palmetto	3:30 p	2:01 a		Ar Cedar Key	6:35 p		
Ar Denmark	4:15 p	2:51 a		Ar Silver Spring	1:07 p		
Ar Ocala	5:31 p	3:43 a		Ar Ocala	1:41 p		
Ar Camden	7:25 p	5:41 a		Ar Wildwood	2:35 p	2:20 a	
Ar Southern Pines	10:37 p	10:12 a		Ar Leesburg	3:11 p	4:30 a	
Ar Raleigh	12:23 p	11:50 a		Ar Favers	3:38 p	5:20 a	
Ar Philadelphia	12:50 p	12:50 a		Ar Orlando	5:00 p	8:20 a	
Ar Richmond	5:03 a	5:35 p		Ar Winter Park	6:47 p		
Ar Washington	8:45 a	9:30 p		Ar Dade City	3:55 p	4:15 a	
Ar Baltimore	10:45 a	11:35 p		Ar Fla. City	4:44 p	5:25 a	
Ar New York	12:30 p	1:25 a		Ar Tampa	5:20 p	6:30 a	
Ar Columbia		8:30 a					
Ar Asheville		1:37 p					
Ar Cincinnati		7:45 p					
Ar Chicago		12:30 p					

Connection made at Fernandina with Cumberland Route steamers, leaving Fernandina 1:30 p. m., daily except Sunday, arriving Brunswick 5:00 p. m.

Leave Fernandina for Jacksonville 7:40 a. m. and 2:40 p. m.

Arrivals at Jacksonville from the North and East, No. 27, at 9:10 a. m.; No. 31, at 3:50 p. m. From the West, No. 2, at 7:25 p. m.; No. 4, at 8:50 a. m. From the South, No. 44, at 9:30 a. m.; No. 66, at 3:55 p. m.

No. 11 solid vestibule train between Jacksonville and New York, including mail, baggage and express cars, day coaches, dining cars and through Pullman sleepers between Tampa and New York, Atlanta and Nashville, Nos. 31 and 44 carry Pullman Buffet sleeping cars between Jacksonville and Tampa.

No. 63 solid vestibule train, consisting of day coaches, mail, baggage and express cars between Jacksonville and Washington, and Pullman sleeper between Jacksonville and New York.

Nos. 3 and 4, Pullman Buffet sleeper Jacksonville and St. Louis via Mobile, Ala., Thomasville and Montgomery.

Stations for Key West and Havana—No. 27 makes connection at Port Tampa with steamer leaving Mondays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

Nos. 2 and 1, sleeper between New Orleans and Jacksonville.

Full information at City Ticket Office, 202 West Bay street. Telephone 260.

E. ST. JOHN, V. P. & G. M. G. W. H. PLEASANTS, Gen'l. Freight and Pass'r Agt., Jacksonville, Fla.

A. O. MacDONELL, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Jacksonville, Fla.

**Carrabelle, Tallahassee & Georgia R. R.**

PASSENGER SCHEDULES EFFECTIVE SEPT. 3, 1900.

READ DOWN.			READ UP.		
	No. 1—Mail & Daily.	Miles	STATIONS		No. 2—Mail & Daily.